


Thrilling Mystery Story In 30 chapters



THE GREEN SHADOW
by HERMAN LANDON

INSTALMENT TWENTY-ONE

The Escape

But Summers was feeling decidedly qualmish. The cigarette did not look like just an ordinary cigarette to him. Besides, he thought he saw a look of great intensity behind the cornered man's mocking smile. And he had seen many an apparently innocent act of the Picaroon's turn out surprisingly in the past.

While four pairs of eyes stared at him the Picaroon leaned lightly against the chair that served him as a bulwark, and continued blowing smoke with outward placidity. The handcuffs hung limply from Carrigan's hands. Summers' attention was divided between his pistol and the Picaroon's cigarette. Ferryman appeared extremely ill at ease. Axelson, his shoulders hunched up and his head hung low, moistened his lips and twisted his neck. Three of them had heard of the Picaroon's subtle little trickeries; one of them had experienced them in a personal and humiliating way.

And as he smoked, the Picaroon's brain threw out thoughts as a beaten iron from the fire throws out sparks. He was in no mood to enjoy the stupefaction created by his cigarette. It gave him a little time for thought, but his thoughts rebounded against obstructions everywhere, and the spell might break any moment now. He could see no loophole. The Picaroon's star of luck appeared to have set at last.

Again his eyes roved about the room, fixed briefly on Axelson's lowered face, and then he looked at Summers' reddish countenance. "Thanks for the delay," he murmured with a shrug. "I'm enjoying this cigarette."

Then he pushed the chair aside and stepped out from the corner. Carrigan's chest heaved out as if to form a barricade. The pistol in Summers' hand rose a trifle higher. He was about to call a halt, but he desisted. Nothing the Picaroon might do would avail him now. He was caught in the net, and there was a sportive instinct in Summers which wanted to see the quarry's final, hopeless flop against the meshes.

The Picaroon flung the cigarette away. Three pair of eyes followed its curve through the air and saw it land in the fireplace. Carrigan made a motion with the steel links. Disgust and relief were written in Summers' face.

"Summers," said the Picaroon gently, "you are a blundering ass."

The captain reddened and thrust out his topheavy head like a belligerent ox.

"You have a genius for making a fool of yourself," the Picaroon pursued. "But then you are a policeman and the rating of the police for intelligence was never very high. You're hopeless—I have tried to educate you, but it's no use. Why, you are such a perpetual duffer that if a man lights a cigarette you think it's going to explode and blow your poor head off. Why don't you laugh at yourself?"

"Oh, I'll laugh," said Summers with heavy sarcasm. "No, you won't. You will eat humble pie. Well, here I am. Arrest me. Have your laugh. Mine will come later."

With a slack and indolent gait he walked up to Summers, pausing only when the captain's automatic touching his midriff.

"But before you make the crowning mistake of your life," he said gently, "wouldn't you like me to show you the murderer of Mrs. Ferryman?"

Summers uttered a hoarse below. Axelson lumbered forward. The Picaroon had executed a sudden spring, light and swift as a thought and now he seized

Axelson by the scuff of the neck and with a powerful swing brought him so close to Summers that their faces all but touched. "Here is the murderer," he said calmly. "Look him over."

Axelson squirmed and puffed and bleated. He was like a figure of straw in the Picaroon's firm clutch. "Him?" Summers chortled derisively. "No, Dale, that trick won't work. You're playing for time."

The Picaroon, still holding the servant so close to Summers that their noses almost rubbed together, cast a swift glance over the room, and for an instant his eyes fastened on Ferryman, who was witnessing the scene with a look of gaping stupefaction.

"Tell him," he whispered in Axelson's ear, but loud enough for Summers to hear, "about Miss Conway."

Abruptly the servant's struggle ceased. It was as if the whisper had hurled a numbing jolt into his body. A look of terror came into his face, congealing into a grimace that showed a guilty conscience stirred to the depths.

Summers stared at him. The derision faded out of his face, its line tightened in a look of astonishment and suspicion. For a moment or two all his faculties were bent upon reading the secret in the servant's eyes.

The Picaroon watched his chance. In another second the mask might drop back over Axelson's features, concealing a black and twisted heart's involuntary revelation. With a vigorous shove from behind he knocked Axelson's head into the captain's face. In almost the same instant his hand darted out and wrenched the automatic from Summers' limp hand.

Then, quick as an arrow, he glided backward across the floor. Summers, reeling back from the sudden impact, emitted a howl of rage and frustration. He wiped a reddish trickle from his nose and steadied himself. Axelson was picking himself up from the floor. It took Carrigan a moment or two to recover from his daze. Now, with automatic leveled, his huge shoulders squared for action, he hurled himself at the Picaroon.

But with a soft laugh and a light leap the Picaroon eluded the charging giant. A quick dodge, and he was at the wall. A little click, and darkness swooped down upon a scene of tumult.

"The door!" Summers bellowed. "Don't let him—"

A crash of breaking glass drowned his shout. "The window! Quick! Ferryman, the lights!"

A hubbub sounded outside the window. The lights blazed up again.

"We've got him!" cried a voice outside. With a hoarse cry of relief Summers sprang to the window. A street lamp half a block distant revealed two uniformed men struggling with their prisoner. It was a brief struggle. Their captive was quickly subdued.

"Caught him just as he jumped out the window," one of them triumphantly announced.

Summers crawled over the sill and dropped to the street level. In the dim light he glanced at the prisoner.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed with heartfelt disgust. "That isn't the Picaroon! How in blazes did you get out here, Axelson?"

The servant, limp and shaken and disheveled, struggled for breath. "Some—somebody threw me out," he stammered.

Dr. Moffett's Ultimatum
At 1 o'clock the following day, Captain Summers walked into a restaurant in the Washington Square section and grumpily sat down at the table in the rear.

"Soup, veal cutlet, coffee—make it snappy," he growled at the waiter.

The soup came and he consumed it with a grim and petulant air, as if it irritated his esophagus. He attacked the veal cutlet savagely, as if to vent his ill humor on it. Suddenly he looked up.

"Hello, Summers," drawled a familiar voice.

Summers stared. His eyes protruded, his lips hung slack. "Say, where in the name of Sam Hill did you come from?" His voice was dull, hollow, full of flabbergastation.

"Home," said Dale. He dusted the seat with the napkin and sat down with one of his little flourishes. He looked fresh and keen and without a care. "Don't look at me like that, old socks. I am full of serenity and cosmic harmonies, and you are trying to inject gloom into my soul, waiter!"

He studied the card carefully and gave his order. "I've had men out looking for you all morning," said Summers weakly.

"Too bad. Had I known it, I should have communicated with you. Anything special?"

Summers swallowed hard. His emotions seemed too deep for words. In the end he resorted to heavy sarcasm.

"Oh, no—nothing special. Just wanted to listen to your bright patter and ask a question or two."

"For instance?" "Well, I was just curious to know where you spent the hours between 2 o'clock and sunrise."

"Your curiosity is insatiable, old top." Dale studied the omelet that had just arrived and nodded approval. "Let me see. I spent the evening at a roof garden. Dreadful bore! Take my advice and don't spend your hard-earned money to see 'The Nude Veracities.'" Then—oh, yes, I ordered my car and took a spin out to City Island. Wonderful moonlight effects over the water! You should have been along, you frostbitten old sour face. The sight would have mellowed your crusty temper."

"Yeah?" Summers peered feebly. "Tell me about the moon. Maybe your description of it will do me as much good as if I had seen the whole blame show."

"I fear I can't do it justice. A sight of that sort requires a poet's wonderful touch. A measureless expanse of water rippling gently beneath a silver shimmer. A luminous track extending seaward. A ship in the distance, a ghostly blur on the horizon. The magic and sorcery of the lunar radiance. No, Summers' words fail me, I can't do it."

"Oh, try again," Summers encouraged. "You might be a little more explicit. Was it a full moon or three quarters moon, or what?" "Three quarters. Of course, I didn't measure it."

"I guess you didn't," said Summers dryly. He took a swallow of coffee. "And the reason you didn't was that there was no moon to measure. It was cloudy last night."

To Be Continued Tomorrow

Around The World With Sport Fans
(By The Tramp)

Announcement has been made that A. M. Orpen, owner of the Long Branch race course, would equip his plant in 1930 with what is known as the automatic totalizer. The machine has been invented by Harry C. Pass, a Toronto mechanical engineer, and while it has been criticized favorably by racing interests in the United States and the British Isles, it remained for Mr. Orpen to assist the young inventor by adopting the machine. It is said that Mr. Pass encountered considerable opposition from firms whose business it is to sell the parimutual ticket to racing associations. The machine consists of a battery of machines, electrically operated, built on the principle of the adding machine. The customer purchases his ticket, the clerk presses several buttons and hands the ticket to him. At the same time, the ticket is registered on a board. The moment each sale is made, indicators on the board, on the infield of the course, reveal to the public the amount of wagering.

GIANTS BEATEN BY CINCINNATI

Three Homers in Game Between Tigers and Athletics in Big League Baseball

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Rixey scattered ten Giant hits in the final game of the series of five, of which the Reds won three, with the result that the Giants were beaten yesterday three to one.

Carlson held the Braves to six hits, but in the fifth Boston took a two to nil lead, only to lose it in the next four innings, ending the game two runs down.

These were the only two games in the National League. In the American, Wiley More, relief pitcher for the Yankees, was greeted by Hodapp's triple in the ninth, which brought two runs and won the game for Cleveland.

Hale, McManus and Fox socked homers in the game between the Tigers and Athletics, Philadelphia winning four runs to three.

With only five hits Boston chalked up eight runs to beat Chicago, whose players hit eight times.

The scores of both leagues yesterday were:

National League
Cincinnati 3, New York 1.
Chicago 4, Boston 2.

American League
New York 2, Cleveland 3.
Philadelphia 4, Detroit 3.
Boston 8, Chicago 2.
Washington 2, St. Louis 14.

Sport Chat

When the fishermen's races are held off Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 31 and Sept. 2, it is very likely that Captain Martin L. (Marty) Welch, most famous of Gloucester fishermen racing skippers, will be seen at the helm of one of the vessels. The schooner Progress, owned by the United Fisheries Company, and reported to be one of the fastest of the present fleet in this section, has been entered for the races. Marian J. Cooney, who filed the entry, declared that unless some unforeseen development prevented, Captain Welch would be at her wheel when the gun booms for the start. Captain Welch brought fame to the international races between Gloucester and Nova Scotia and retired when the old Elsie was beaten by the modern Bluenose at Halifax in 1921. The entry of the Progress brings the starting list to four. The others are the schooner Elsie, to be sailed by Capt. Norman Ross; schooner Thomas S. Gorton, Captain Wallace Parsons, and the Mary, Captain Ben Pine.

From the babble of voices that attend any cricket match in Boston vicinity may often be heard words to the effect that "Cricketers may come and cricketers may go, but they go on forever." They are George "Pop" Nichols and his one time playmate, John F. Dixon. Nichols plays with the Mystic Lodge team, and Dixon sports the emblems of the Everett team. These two have been out front in the cricket game around Boston for years and years. Nobody seems to know just how long they have been on the job, but George Nichols will be 70 his next birthday which leaves the world to figure it out. And judging from the vigor of his play he has many years to go. He can still bowl them up in a very "easy" manner, with no apparent effort on his part. All that Nichols is, so is Dixon, except that in addition to his part as a player, Dixon performs the duties of president of the Bay State League.

FOOTBALL POSTPONED

Because of inclement weather, last night's league football fixture between the Empress Social Club and Regiment was postponed. If necessary, it will be played in the fall at the conclusion of other intervening competitions.

SOFTBALL POSTPONED

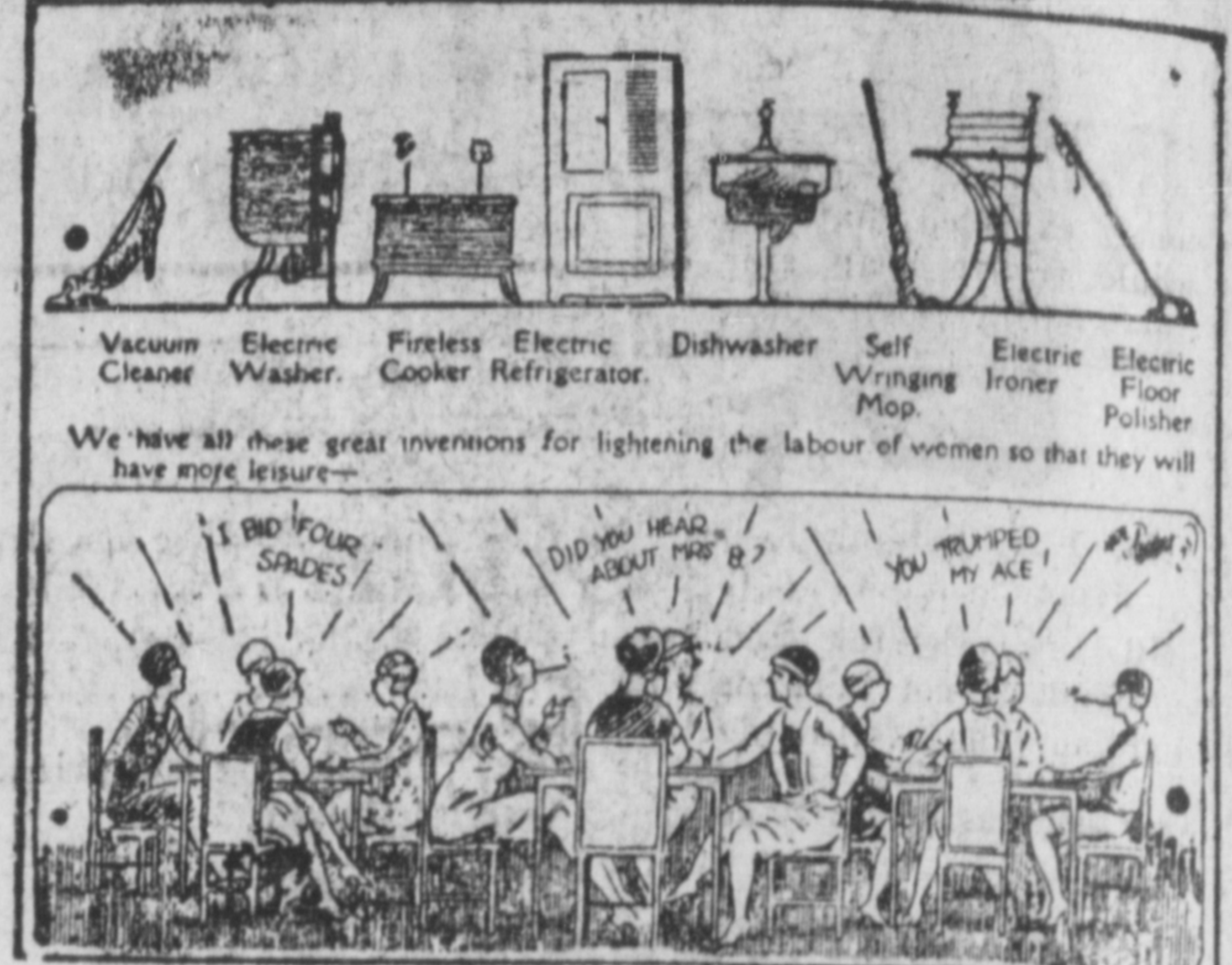
On account of the rain, last night's C.N.R. Softball League fixture between Station and Dry, Dock had to be put off and will be played this evening, weather permitting.

ANYOX TAKES SECOND GAME

Defeated Prince Rupert in Baseball Game Yesterday by Score of 2 to 1

The second baseball game at Anyox yesterday between Elks' teams of Prince Rupert and the smelter town resulted in a 2 to 1 victory for the home team, which thus evened up the series after having been defeated 4 to 1 in the first game. Prince Rupert errors were responsible for the Anyox win yesterday.

The local players will return home on the Prince Charles tomorrow morning.



Vacuum Cleaner, Electric Washer, Fireless Electric Cooker, Refrigerator, Dishwasher, Self-Wringing Mop, Electric Iron, Electric Floor Polisher.

We have all these great inventions for lightening the labour of women so that they will have more leisure.

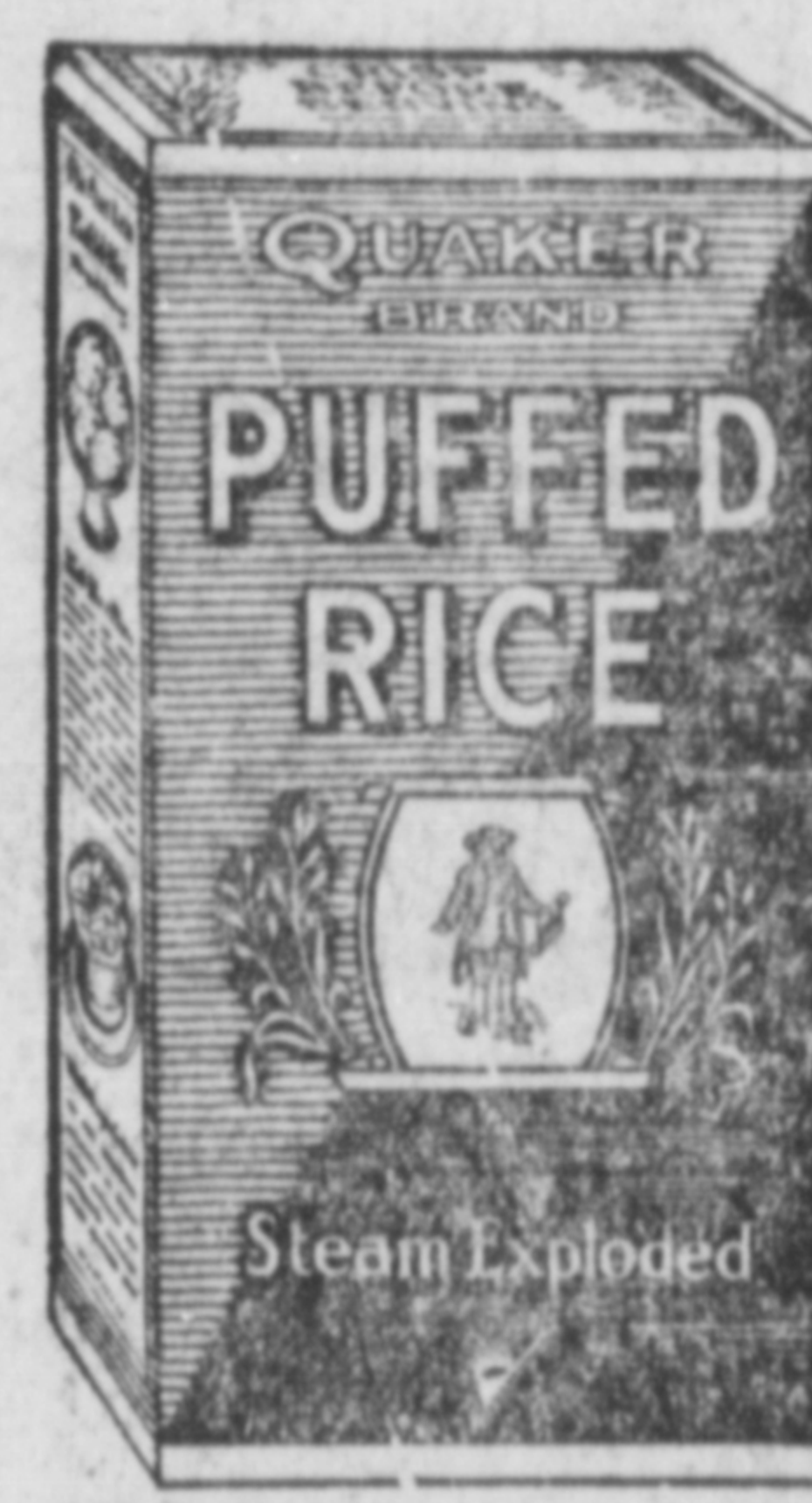
—in which to exercise their intellectual capacities.
—Passing Show, London.

LOOK!

Don't let this bargain event pass you by! The low prices at our sale will fairly take your breath away! In order to sacrifice our stock, we have reduced prices to rock bottom. Our loss is your good fortune. Come expecting values you've never dreamed possible securing. Our Big Sale starts on Friday. See our advertisement in tomorrow's issue.



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Prince Rupert



It tastes like a Confection ~

DELICIOUS DAINTY, containing an astonishing amount of nourishment is Quaker Puffed Rice. Tempting morsels that no appetite can resist, yet full of food elements in a form for easy digestion.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the rice grain thoroughly cooked and steam exploded to eight times normal size. The millions of tiny food cells in each grain are broken down, thus releasing for easy assimilation all the energy of fine white rice. The puffing gives the grains a crunchy, toasted texture with the flavour of nut meats. It tempts the appetite and satisfies it, too.

Both children and grown-ups relish Quaker Puffed Rice. When other foods fail to entice, it stirs up lagging appetites. Serve at any meal or between meals, direct from the package or warmed. Use milk or cream, or fruit, jelly or jam. You will have delicious variety from ordinary foods.

Quaker Puffed Wheat A Different Flavour

Puffed Wheat is the wheat grain treated in the same way. All nourishment of the grain supreme is retained, including the bran, so valuable as roughage. The wholesome whole wheat flavour is always enticing because so delicious. Have both Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice on the pantry shelf, and serve them alternately.

Quaker Puffed Rice

MADE BY THE MILLERS OF QUAKER OATS